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**No winter lasts forever, spring will come again**

No winter lasts forever, spring will come again. Yes, winter is always followed by spring, but even if there is no winter spring will always come. This phrase is equated with human life, because after bad things everything is changing for the better, like spring after winter. Winter is associated as something bad and frosty. As in winter the days are short, the nights long, and the cold captures the environment in every corner of its existence, it also widespread into bones and souls of any human being and living things. This season is characterized as that tests the endurance of both nature and humanity, those struggle to survive. But in reallity no timeless wait is ended hopeless. Yet no winter lasts forever. Spring, with its gentle warmth and strengths life, always follows. This transition is believed to be more than a change of seasons, it is a symbol of hope and renewal, return to hope and promise of life to brighten the future.

One of the highest part of Tusheti, there is a Village called Dartlo. The village is nestled in a valley surrounded by towering mountains. This village keeps the secret and mysterious tale. People think that like many others, the mentioned village also experienced the harshness of winter in its most brutal forms. Thick snow blanket covers the ground for months on end, and the once-vibrant landscape was reduced to a monochrome world of white and gray. The fewer villagers,who stay along the harsh snowy winter though accustomed to the annual cycle, could not help but feel a sense of desolation as they experience endless cold.

Among the villagers was an elderly woman named Terezi, known for her wisdom and deep connection to the land. She had lived through countless winters, each one different yet the same in its severity. Her small wooden cottage which was given form her grate grandparents was cozy. Despite her age, she was thought to be a perfect pillar of strength for the whole village, always offering words of encouragement to the residents of the village.

On a certain harsh winter, the village faced an unexpected challenge. An awful blizzard had struck, isolating the village from the outside world and had left the village totally without resources. It was during this time that Terezi decided to gather the villagers in her comfortable cottage, seeking to remind them of the promise that lay ahead.

As the villagers got together, Terezi spoke with a gentle and firm voice: "I know this winter will be endless with its cruelty," she began, "and the cold seems to have claimed everything. But I want to share with all of you a story that has been passed down through generation to generation, a story of hope and renewal of a life."

Terezi's long and fascinating story took the villagers back to a time long ago when their ancestors first settled in the valley- in Darto. The first settlers, much like them, had endured a particularly brutal winter. Their provisions had run low, and their spirits were waning. Among those early settlers was a young woman named Mzeo, who was known for her unwavering optimism and deep connection to nature.

Mzeo believed that the earth itself held the secrets to enduring the harshest of winters. Every day, she would walk around the white snow-covered woods, looking for signs of life beneath the frozen surface. Her neighbors often doubted her efforts, but Mzeo remained firm. She understood that beneath the seemingly lifeless snow, the seeds of spring lay dormant, waiting for the right moment to awaken.

One crual day, as winter began to loosen its grip, Mzeo stumbled upon a small patch of earth where the snow had begun to melt. To her delight, she found tiny green shoots pushing their way through the wet and dump soil. It was a small, almost insignificant sign, but to brave Mzeo, it was a promise fulfilled. She hurried back to the village, her heart beating with hope, and shared her discovery with her neighbors.

Inspired by Mzeo's unwavering faith and the undeniable evidence of new life, the villagers got together. They shared their remaining resources, supported one another, and found solace in the knowledge that spring was indeed on its way. As the days grew longer and the sun's warmth began to return, the village slowly emerged from the depths of winter. Flowers bloomed, animals reappeared, and the once-frozen world transformed into a vibrant tapestry of color and life.

The eldest lady of the village paused, allowing her story to sink in. The villagers, though still burdened by the present. "Spring is not just a season," Terezi continued, "it is a promise—a promise that life will return, that warmth will chase away the cold, and that hope will triumph over the harsh and cruel reality."

As the days passed, Terezi's story was still weaving itself into the fabric of the village's consciousness. The villagers started to notice small signs of the coming spring: the days grew slightly longer, the sun's rays felt a bit warmer, and the snow began to melt.

One morning, as winter's grip finally began to loosen, a young boy named Levani came into the woods near the village. Inspired by Terezis story that was about Mzeo, he was determined to find his own sign of spring. After hours of searching, Leveni came across a small stream that had begun to thaw. Beside it, a little flower had pushed its way through the snow.

Levani ran back to the village, holding the first flower in his hands. His discovery raised optimism among the villagers. They gathered around him, looking surprised and hopefully to the powerful symbol of spring's arrival. It was a tangible reminder that no matter how harsh the winter, it would eventually yield to the warmth and life of spring.

The village, once steeped in despair, began to come alive with renewed energy. They prepared their fields for planting, repaired their homes, and celebrated the promise of the coming season. As the snow melted and the world around them transformed, the villagers were reminded of their own hope.

The eldest lady was standing on the balcony of her wooden cottage, watching the village come to life, felt a deep sense of fulfillment. Her story had not only brought the hope but also strengthened the bonds within the community. She knew that just as winter was created by herself that became the part of the cycle of life.

In the years that followed, the village continued to remember of Terezi's story that became a cherished tradition. Every winter, as the days grew short and the nights cold, the villagers would gather in her cottage to remeber the tale of Terezi who is no longer alive, but her hopeful words are still alive, so the villagers who stay in the harsh winter months in the highest peak of mountains recall the eldest lady –Terezi her created tales that remind them that no matter how harsh the winter, spring would always come again.